

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

Mrs. J. PILKINGTON.

VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS FORMS

BY
MRS. J. THIRKINGTON.

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BY

Mrs. J. PILKINGTON,

DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION,

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL), STRAND.

SOLD ALSO BY J. DEIGHTON AND W. LUNN, CAMBRIDGE.

1796.

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1790

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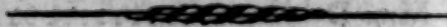
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF LORD H. SPENCER.

LONG shall the annals of applauding Fame

Rehearse the deeds of Spencer, with a tear ;

Adorn with laurels his exalted name,

And strew the cypress o'er his early bier !

VOL. II.

Britannia mourn'd the much-lov'd noble youth,

And silent wander'd tow'ards the new-made grave!—

Is there, said she, no Guardian Power o'er Truth,

The good and valiant from Death's darts to save?

Or why did Virtue such rich grace supply?

If like the blossom of a new-blown flow'r,

It scarcely blushes, ere it's doom'd to die,

And loose the exhale of its fragrant pow'r!

In the full vigour of fair manhood's pride,

Adorn'd by virtues that exalt his name;

Spencer effulgent beam'd—then nobly died,

Leaving his *conduct* to record his fame!

When the pale moon illumines the shade of night;
The soften'd image of the sun we find;
The conduct beaming with a radiant light,
We trace arising from a brilliant mind!—

The gen'rous soul—the soft attractive grace,
That ev'ry action of his life exprest,
Not Lethe's stream can from my soul efface!
Or sooth the throbbing of this troubled breast.

The Muse, with temples by the cypress bound,
Who, penfive wandering, oft delights to tread,
Where murmuring waters with a hollow sound
Rush through the cavern's rugged flinty bed,

With me shall journey to some distant cell,
Where yew-trees cast a sad funereal shade;
In Blenheim's wood, we'll seek the gloomy dell,
Far from a vista, or an opening glade!

And as our tears in unison shall flow,
If near the place a stream should chance to glide;
The drops that fall as emblems of our woe,
Shall daily add to the pellucid tide!

And on the spot undeck'd by sculptur'd pride,
To my lov'd son a monument I'll raise,
And say, that Virtue droop'd when Spencer died,
And that his deeds surpass'd the power of Praise!

THE
EPITAPH.

HERE lies interr'd beneath this marble stone,

A form—replete with every manly grace ;

A mind—where Virtue in its radiance shone,

And gave a soft expression to the face !

Here rests a heart, which Honor once inspir'd,

To deeds of Glory, and immortal Fame ;

Here sleep those talents—which the world admir'd,

Here lies a glory—to the Spencer name !

ELEGIAC LINES
UPON THE
MUCH LAMENTED DEATH
OF
MISS ELIZA WHITEHEAD.

PALE Cynthia now emits a feeble ray,
And objects fade beneath her trembling light;
Now to Eliza's grave I'll bend my way,
And hide my sorrows in the shade of night!
For modest grief disdains the vulgar eye,
Her hallow'd temple is the feeling breast;
There she inspires the trembling anxious sigh,
And there securely her pale form can rest!

And as I sorrow for thy early doom,
Thou tender sharer of my happier hours ;
I'll wander often to thy fatal tomb,
And strew the spot with choicest wreaths of flow'rs!

That breast, the mansion of superior worth,
At Honor's dictates can no longer glow ;
And stretch'd beneath a senseless clod of earth
Lies her, who felt for ev'ry human woe !

The flow'rs which bluish in all the bloom of pride,
Scarce boast their beauty for a fleeting hour ;
And thy bright virtues budded, bloom'd, and died,
Like the fair blossom of a fragrant flow'r !

But unavailing is this fond regret,

Can it awake from an eternal sleep?

Yet her perfections can this heart forget,

Or for their loss can I e'er cease to weep?

Could sense, or beauty, a long period claim,

Could filial duty, or true friendship's love,

Could these but add to life's expiring flame,

She had not sought the blissful seat above!

Dear sacred spirit of my much-lov'd friend,

Wilt thou the name of Guardian Angel bear?

Wilt thou, Eliza, on my steps attend,

And guide me through this labyrinth of care?

And when the scene of busy life shall close,

And when my soul shall wing to Heav'n its flight,

And when in death my sorrows all repose,

Say, wilt thou guide me to the realms of light?

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MELPOMENE,

ON THE

DEATH OF MISS MOORE, OF W——

BEFORE thy shrine, Melpomene, I bend,
With trembling footsteps, and a tearful eye ;
Again this heart laments a much lov'd friend,
Again this bosom heaves the painful sigh !

When northern blasts attack a lily pale,
The pendant blossom scarce erects its head ;
No more its fragrance then perfumes the gale,
But fades, like Mary, on her dying bed.

Could innate worth avert the impending dart,

Relentless archer, thou hadst miss'd thy aim ;

For Virtue's image dwelt in Mary's heart,

And gilt her actions with its radiant flame.

The virtues blazon'd like a meteor bright,

Which shows its beauty for a few short hours,

Illumes the gloom of dreary fable night,

Then leaves no vestige of its radiant powers !

See Friendship sorrow at her early date,

And drop the crown pomegranate from her head ;

Hear her lament the cruel hand of Fate,

That number'd Mary with the silent dead !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. M——

UPON HEARING HER DAUGHTER ONLY LAMENTED HER EARLY
DOOM FROM KNOWING THE POIGNANCY
OF HER MOTHER'S SUFFERINGS.

ERE the expiring, trembling breath,

Had from Maria fled,

And ere the icy hand of Death

O'er that lov'd form was spread,

She cast a fond exploring eye,

To find her parent near ;

And as she drew the half-fetch'd sigh,

Subdued the rising tear ;

Then feebly preſt that parent's hand,
And mourn'd the fatal dart,
That ſoon would ſever life's frail band,
And wound her mother's heart !

Oh ! my lov'd mother, thus ſhe cried,
Had but the friendly tomb,
One dwelling to us *both* ſupplied,
Then had I bleſt my doom !

Who ſhall affuage the poignant grief,
That rends thy aching breſt ;
Who ſhall afford thy mind relief,
When once this form's at reſt ?

And then, alas! who shall attend,

With fond officious zeal;

When verging life draws near its end,

And every nerve shall feel?

Rest, gentle spirit, one appears,

Who's had affliction's share;

Who to subdue thy anxious fears,

Will make thy charge her care!

Be mine the office to assuage

Thy tender parent's tears;

To cheer her in declining age,

When life is full of years!

And as thy virtues we repeat,

Responsive we will sigh,

Anticipate the joy to meet,

And learn of thee to die!

ELEGIAC LINES,

BY

R—— H——S, Esq.

WRITTEN NEAR THE BED OF F—— W——, IN A FEVER
AND DELIRIUM, ON THE 28TH OF DEC. 1793, ON
THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

HUSH'D, hush'd as death in peace the mansion sleeps,

Save yonder, where Despair and Madness reign,

Where sacred Friendship midnight vigil keeps

T'implore returning sense—alas! in vain!

For ah! arrested in the spring of youth,

The rip'ning bud shall never see the morn;

Lov'd emblem he, of Innocence and Truth,

Must perish ere to-morrow's early dawn!

And what remains for me? Despair and Death,

Forlorn and friendless, cheerless must I stray!

Till this poor head shall rest the sod beneath,

This sorrowing heart its wish'd-for tribute pay!

When summon'd by the watchful night-bird's scream,

Their earthly shapes the phantoms re-assume;

May we, bland Friendship, the delightful theme

Together weep, and mourn his early doom!

Oh bliss transcendant! Shall I surely see

The lustre of those eyes—in mis'ry e'en

That oft so anxiously have dwelt on me,

And shed invaluable pearls—believ'd unseen!

For when the fever's heat has fir'd my brain,
I've mark'd the tear flow-stealing down thy cheek;
The sigh, which thou no longer could'st restrain,
Too long imprison'd—all thy fears bespeak !

The sad vicissitude can Memory bear ?
To soon to mingle with the dust below :
To thee or what is sorrow, joy, or care ?
In vain the seas may rage, the tempest blow !

Where is thy promis'd happiness ? All fled !
Which Hope, the flatterer, suffer'd just to dawn,
As the kind sun in Winter deigns to shed
Its cheering rays, then leaves us more forlorn !

Affection's joyful prospects—blasted all !

The embrace paternal never shalt thou prove,
Upon that faded cheek must never fall
The world's most precious gem—th' impassion'd tear
of love.

Alas ! whence comes it that the young and brave,

With every virtue, every grace endow'd,
Should fall the early victims of the grave?
That hope should vanish, almost ere bestow'd ?

What says Religion, meek-ey'd peerless maid ?

“ Seek not to know the inscrutable decree
“ Of Heav'n—but as thy safest surest aid,
“ When doubts obscure thy faith, resort to me !”

E P I T A P H.

STRANGER, this rude * unconsecrated tomb,
 (To which the surge that laves yon burning shore
Marks the unerring way, and howls the doom,
 The fatal doom of Francis now no more)

Approach with awe, for he was Virtue's child,
 Was Honor's offspring, and his Country's pride,
For whom Affection wove a wreath so wild,
 That all the senses madden'd when he died!

* F—— W——, Esq. was buried at St. Domingo.

He shall not die unmourn'd ! the British fair,
In after times, when Peace her flight shall wing,
To banish far the fiends of war and care,
From Albion's love-lorn bow'rs shall mournful sing,

How when discordant Gallia strove in vain,
To raise Rebellion's standard in the land ;
Francis, the foremost of the gallant train,
Rush'd forth to stop the desolating band.

How 'midst the fairest flow'rets of the field,
He blighted fell, half blossom'd, half reveal'd !

ELEGIAC VERSES

BY

THE SAME AUTHOR,

OCCASIONED, BY READING MR. MEARS'S NARRATIVE, WHEREIN

HE MENTIONS THE DEATH OF WINEE, A FEMALE OF

ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, ON HER RE-

TURN FROM CHINA TO OWHYHEE.

LOV'D child of Nature, long must I deplore

The fate that robb'd thy country of its pride;

Its loveliest ornament, alas! no more

Shall grace an heav'n-born native monarch's side!

Bred where the guile of Europe scarce was known,

Deceit disclaim'd so virtuous a maid—

Unconscious of thy worth—that charm alone

Surpasses all that e'er were yet display'd.

For thee full many a sigh shall heave in vain,

Thy death untimely many a chief shall mourn,

Long o'er the broad expanse the eye with pain

Shall seek that form which never will return !

Fond Mem'ry then shall ransack all her store,

Recount a thousand tender proofs of love,

Shall prize affection's sacred gifts the more,

And more than all a court's professions prove.

And tho' no scutcheon'd herse, no train of woe,
Proclaim thee hast'ning to the "dread abode,"
Yet tears of joy from angel-orbs shall flow,
And weeping cherubs welcome thee to God.

And sure thy gentle spirit will receive
The holy tribute of a stranger's tear ;
This humble off'ring—all he has to give—
If thou dost cherish, Virtue must revere.

And thou, soft Sensibility's first child,
Belov'd Tianna, friend of the distressed,
Oft shall idea o'er the wat'ry wild
Trace out the virtues that adorn thy breast.

Long on the bed of sickness didst thou cheer
The drooping Winée, as the tempest howl'd,
Cherish'd the languid hope, dispell'd the fear,
As light'nings threat'ned, or as billows roll'd!

And oft in silence at the midnight hour,
"The trembling tear impearl'd in either eye,"
Didst thou lament Affection's feeble pow'r,
When strong Conviction whisper'd, "thou must die."

Friend of my soul! my brother! (what dear name
Is equal my fond feelings to express?)
Long may resplendant Heaven give thee Fame,
Luxuriant, envied Atooi, Happiness!

SONNET

BY

R—— H——S, Esq.

TELL me, Eliza, tell me why

That pearly tear bedews thy cheek ?

Too surely that heart-rending sigh

The pangs of hopeless love bespeak !

Ah ! hapless maiden, hither turn,

Here droops a form distressed as thine,—

Like thee too destin'd still to mourn,

Ah ! doom'd for ever to repine.

Come then, thick night, the wretch's friend,
And shield me from the sun's broad glare ;
Thy love-promoting mantle lend,
So shalt thou all my sorrows share !—

Oh save me from the fond maternal sigh,
And all those precious drops which moisten Friendship's
eye !

SONNET

BY

THE SAME.

NOT the rose, when Aurora so bright

Adds her smiles to the health-giving morn,

Not the snow-drop, the lily so white,

The bright charms of my fair can adorn !

If she speaks, 'tis in accents so sweet,

So bewitching, so modest, and mild,

That destruction we eagerly meet,

And court ruin to be thus beguil'd !

Yet has never a whisper of love

E'er escap'd from the fyren's soft tongue ;

Tho' so oft, when we've stray'd in the grove,

On her words I enamour'd have hung !

Then alas ! what avail her wit, beauty, and charms,

If enraptur'd I meet not my fate in her arms ?

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY

OF

Mrs. H——

DEAR Charlotte, I fancied the Muses no more

Would return to this mansion, my breast;

And thought that no circumstance e'er could restore

That abode to sensations of rest!

But a bright dawn of pleasure this heart now expands,

Dispersing the vapours of care,

Like the rays of the sun, when it breaks through the bands

Which suspended dark clouds in the air!

A thousand sensations too grateful to paint,
In succession arise in my mind ;
To give them expression all language is faint,
And feeling is left far behind !

Affection attracted by Friendship's bright ray,
Pervades ev'ry part of my breast ;
That once more I've the pleasure to hail this bright day,
Which made me in Friendship so blest !

Your pleasures, dear Charlotte, I hope will increase,
As years in succession return ;
And your breast be for ever the mansion of peace,
Till that form is inclos'd in an urn !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. D——

ACCOMPANIED BY A PAINTED FLOWER,
ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

SINCE custom has long on this morning decreed,
That kindness should flow from the breast;
May the wishes that rise in this bosom succeed,
And Amanda each year be more blest!

May the hours that in fleeting succession arise,
Be wafted on Pleasure's soft wing;
And each ebon cloud, which has shaded the skies,
Be dispers'd by the sunshine of Spring!

The gift, which I humbly present to my friend,
 Will evince how confin'd is my power,
 When to prove my affection I only can send
 Amanda the form of a flower !

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A GENTLEMAN,

UPON HIS BEING APPOINTED

TO THE ARGO*.

WHEN to possess the golden prize,
The Theſſalonian fwain
Embark'd beneath propitious ſkies,
The treasure to obtain ;

* The name of the ſhip in which Jaſon embarked to poſſeſs himſelf of the Golden Fleece.

Fame, on the vessel which convey'd

The enterprizing boy,

Her banners openly display'd,

To testify her joy!

Here, said the goddess, I'll reside,

And if the Dragon's slain,

The Argo then shall be the pride

Of all that plough the main!

The prize was won, the dragon slain,

And Fame, we understand,

Decreed the Argo long should reign

The fav'rite of the land!

Decreed, that when Britannia's foes
Should e'er appear in fight,
The Argo then should interpose,
And *crush* them by her might.

Then may she long triumphant reign,
In war, as well as peace—
And more immortal fame obtain,
Than Jason by his Fleece !

A POETIC EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY A FARMER AT L——,

WHO, WITH A VERY STERN COUNTENANCE, HAD OBSERVED

THREE LADIES EATING SOME OF HIS PEASE, AS

THEY PASSED THROUGH THE FIELD.

DEAR Tom, you must know, all this ev'ning I've been
Attack'd by that nasty disorder the Spleen ;
In short, I believe that the vile female sex,
Were sent in the world us poor men to perplex,—
Why, man, since the day that the world was created,
And poor Mr. Adam in wedlock was mated,
The women have always been mightily prone
To do what the men bid them let quite alone !

Ah, Tom ! we had never been dealers in mutton,
 If Eve had not been in her nature a glutton ;
 And sure, if on Sunday, the Bible you read,
 You there will behold shocking doings indeed !—
 Why, man, you must know, there was * one of the fair,
 Who made her old husband cut off his true heir ;
 And when he expected a fine *ven'son* treat,
 She drest him a *kid* which the poor fellow eat.
 But as to dame Jael, that fine female bilk,
 Who ask'd in the † captain, and gave him some milk ;
 I'm sure she deserv'd to have lost her own head,
 For pretending to love the poor captain who fled,
 Yet when he was sleeping, to nail him down—dead.
 But, Tom, was I once all their tricks to indite,
 My letter would not be concluded by night ;

* Rebekah.

† Sisera ; Judges iv.

My wrath, my dear brother, I think, will assuage,
When once I have told you what calls forth my rage.—
This evening three ladies came into my field,
So I flunk to the back of a tree—for a shield;
Thinks I to myself, there is mischief in store,
When women assemble by two, three, and four;
And depend on it, Tom, you will certainly find,
Some mischief is then all afloat in the wind;
Yet my heart at that moment was quite at its ease,
As far as regarded the state of my pease,—
But, would you believe it? their pockets they ramm'd
As tight as a cushion with bran newly cramm'd!
I vow'd to myself, that if law could be got,
They should pay for the pease, that they put in their pot;
And tracing them home greatest part of the way,
Resolved to go to the Justice next day.

But, Thomas—I must not go there for my life,
For I've found out that *one* is a *great col'nel's* wife!
And if of his lady I dare to complain,
Perhaps he will send me a foldier to Spain.
The other, I'm told by my croney Jack Searles,
Is nearly related to lords, dukes, and earls;
And people who claim a *fine lord* in *alliance*,
May set all the *laws of the land* at *defiance*.
But as to the *third*, I'm inform'd by Tom Procter,
She's *only* the *wife* of a *seafaring* doctor;
But if he should press me on board of his ship,
Perhaps he might give me the vapours and hip;
For doctors, I've heard, have a *wonderful trick*
Of giving folks med'cine, *until they are sick*;
So, Thomas, you find, to continue in ease,
I'd better put up with the loss of my peace.

THOMAS'S

GALLANT REPLY,

IN VINDICATION OF THE LADIES.

WHY Richard, you surely a Cynic are grown,
And would *snarl* at a part of your flesh and your bone;
What stories have you in your spleen just related,
And in truth, honest Dick, they are all badly stated;
Tho' I do not *intirely* acquit Madam Eve,
The man was as *bad*—I shall always believe;
What bus'ness had Adam, when knowing it wrong,
To follow the counsel that came from her tongue?

And as to poor Becky—Why, mercy forbid,
You should blame her for dressing her husband a kid;
Besides, you will find, by perusing the book,
Rebekah was thought a most excellent cook.—
And as to Dame Jael—again you are wrong,
A prophetess * once about her made a song :
But in truth, my dear brother, you felt yourself vexed,
Which accounts for your taking *wrong side* of the text;
For my part I always shall vow and declare,
That I have a most *tender regard* for the *fair* ;
And rather than live in this station alone,
Like Adam, would part with my choicest rib-bone,
But as you inform me the Bible you read,
I'm sorry you made such mistakes in the Creed ;

* Deborah ; Judges v.

Your tales against women—are all a mere fable ;
But too certain a *fact*—was the death of poor Abel !
Oh ! Dick—what a shocking vile fellow was that,
Who knock'd out his poor brother's brains with a bat !
And speaking of brothers—pray think of those men,
Who met in the field to the number of ten ;
When their poor brother Joseph they happen'd to spy,
They all in a moment decreed he should die,
And only because his papa lov'd him best,
And made him a beau—in a smart-looking vest.
Then Richard, you sure can't forget that vile he,
Who with his whole army was drown'd in the sea ?
But I need not go searching to ages of yore,
To bring to your view wicked men by the score ;
For vice is a weed, whose growth never fails,
And in times that are *past*—and are *present*, *prevails*.

But now for the women—you tell me “they’re prone
“ To do what the men bid them let quite alone ;”
And Richard, no wonder—because they all find,
The men shew a hearty contempt for their mind ;
And *that*, my dear brother, I vow and declare,
No mortal on earth—*that had sense*—could e’er bear :
But, Dick, for amusement, I once took the pains
To examine that part which contains human brains ;
Tho’ men make a boast of their muscular strength,
A woman’s head ! Dick, far exceeds theirs in length !
If men do surpass them—’tis merely in *art*,
For a woman’s advantage is found in the *heart* ;
And brother, I tell ye, again, and again,
To one wicked woman—there’s ten wicked men.

AN
ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION
OF
GRATITUDE,

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD B——, Esq.

MISFORTUNE and Kindness, in ages of yore,
Resolv'd in a league to unite ;
And endeavour the true golden age to restore
Which poets have painted so bright !
Each day their affection was known to increase,
And at length to its summit arose ;
For an offspring appear'd, who augmented their peace,
And fill'd both their breasts with repose !

Tho' this infant was form'd by the hands of a grace,
And endow'd with a thousand bright charms ;
Yet *Mis-fortune's mother* ne'er smiled on its face,
Or took the poor babe in her arms !

A trumpet was heard to resound on the earth,
Proclaiming a visit from Fame ;
Who hearing an infant had just receiv'd birth,
Descended to give it a name !

Admiring the azure that beam'd in its eye,
Each parent's resemblance she traced ;
Misfortune, said she, may be found in its sigh,
And Kindness its features has graced !

The offspring of these shall be Gratitude named,

From *both* that sensation can flow,

And I do not conceive that I e'er can be blamed,

If *that name* on the child I bestow !

And as to its grandmother's fierce-looking frown,

It ne'er shall deprive it of rest ;

For Gratitude still shall be deck'd with a crown,

And shelter'd in each feeling breast.——

Tho' ages are past, since Fame made this decree,

Yet still in the breast it resides ;

Its impression's this moment directed tow'rds thee,

And a pleasing sensation it guides !

THE DOVES,

ADDRESSED TO

SOME LITTLE FRIENDS.

FROM Afric's torrid clime was sent

Two Barbary doves, with kind intent,

To prove Affection's pow'r;

Tho' in a wiry cage confin'd,

By mutal tenderness of mind

They sooth'd the penfive hour!

No longer could they wing their flight,
To the dear scenes of past delight,
Where they were wont to roam ;
Or travel o'er the sandy plain,
Or search for scatter'd seeds of grain,
Or see their much-lov'd home !

Yet still they find affection's joy,
Which adverse fate can ne'er destroy,
Brings pleasure to their breast ;
Whilst tenderness expands their heart,
And whilst they never live apart,
They feel that they are blest !

Such pleasures are within your reach,
And your two doves a lesson teach
To cherish one another ;
Let tenderness your hearts invest,
And mutual love inspire the breast
Of sister and of brother !

A
SUPPLICATION

TO

FORTUNE,

PREVIOUS TO PURCHASING

A SHARE IN THE LOTTERY.

DEAR fickle dame—I fain would know,

If thou conductest things below,

The way that thou art won?

For could I once thy smiles obtain,

I'd soon forget *whole years of pain,*

And all the *ills thou'st done!*

Tho' poignantly thou'lt made me feel,
The adverse turns of thy fam'd wheel,

As, circling, it's gone round ;

Yet would I never more complain,

If this, my boon, I could obtain,

I mean five thousand pound !

Or should the prize be deem'd *too great*

For *one* who has no wish for *state*,

Why then the boon divide ;

I'd gladly be content with part,

And you should find, a grateful heart

Inhabited this fide !

LINES

WRITTEN UPON BEING

SEPARATED FROM SOME CHILDREN,

TO WHOM THE AUTHORESS WAS TENDERLY ATTACHED.

SINCE I no longer have the pow'r
To guard the tender budding flow'r,
Just op'ning to the skies ;
The wish that rises in my heart
I'll paint—to prove that tho' apart,
Their happiness I prize !

May you, lov'd children, never wear

The sable garb of cank'ring Care,

Your pleasures to destroy ;

May Friendship in your bosoms glow,

'Twill prove an antidote to woe,

And heighten every joy !

But if your breasts are doom'd to feel

The adverse turns of Fortune's wheel,

Still may you ever find,

That Fortune, by no pow'r or art,

Can e'er depress a noble heart,

Adorn'd with worth of mind !

Tho' blooming flow'rs now deck your way,

And Fortune sheds a gilded ray,

Yet e'er your lives may close,

Riches and friends may wing their flight,

And prospects, fable as the night,

Destroy your calm repose !

The stream that clearly flows at morn,

Ere Cynthia's beam illumines the lawn,

In waves tremendous roars ;

And life is like a varying tide,

Where raging storms too oft preside,

With hidden rocky shores !

Then may you in your bosoms meet

A port—to guard the little fleet

From ev'ry adverse gale !

But if *my wish* your barks could guide,

Not *one rough wave* should move the tide,

O'er which you're doom'd to fail !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. M——R.

WRAPP'D in the solitary gloom of night,

Depress'd by fable visions oft I stray,

And when pale Cynthia sheds her evening light,

I wander frequent by the silver ray!

The * Theban drug will not my griefs disarm,

Or lull one sorrow to compose and rest;

Even Lethe's stream could not disclose a charm,

To reach the mansion of this troubled breast!

* Laudanum.

I have endur'd Affliction's varying art,
Have bow'd beneath a pointed rod of steel;
Have borne such arrows as corrode the heart,
And teach each nerve most poignantly to feel.

But lest my cup of mis'ry should o'erflow,
And grief unpitied bring on black despair!—
Friendship has sooth'd the poignant edge of woe,
And kindly blunted the keen sense of care!

Since I'm thus blest by that all-soothing pow'r,
I'll offer hecatombs before the shrine;
Then weave a garland from the granate flow'r,
And round thy brow the circling wreath shall twine!

THE
POWER OF ATTRACTION,

ADDRESSED
TO A FRIEND,

IN IRELAND.

LOUISA, 'tis said, that the globe which turns round,

And receives the sun's rays of refraction,

Has many long years by the learned been found

To exist by the pow'r of *Attraction*!

As insensible objects perceive this effect,

You'll not be surpris'd when I say,

The pow'r I've described I most strongly suspect,

Will soon lead my footsteps astray!

Not astray from that path which I deem is best,
But astray from a long-admir'd land ;
For the pow'r of Attraction, 'tis always confess'd,
Few people are form'd to withstand !

TO A FRIEND.

It draws me by Friendship more firm and sincere,
Than is usually found in the breast ;
It draws by a sigh—which was sent by a tear
To prove that *Louisa's* distress !
It draws me by saying her griefs I can share,
And convert all her sorrows to mine,
And whispers this truth—by dividing of care,
Its effects will each moment decline !

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE AUTHORESS WITH A

PAINTED BOX, WITH

" SOUVENIR "

FOR THE MOTTO.

WHEN first Statira's present came,

'Twas *doubly* valued for its name,

Souvenir the little gift exprest,

But say, Statira, was thy breast

With such a sentiment imprest ?

If such the feelings of thy heart,

Then wherefore should we live apart ?

For 'tis not *distance* that divides,
 Statira walks, as well as rides ;
 And if she felt the lightest will,
 Could soon descend the neighb'ring hill.

TO A LADY.

IN REPLY

INFORM

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A POETIC EPISTLE,

TO

A FRIEND,

IN REPLY TO A LETTER, WHICH THE LADY HAD WRITTEN,

INFORMING THE AUTHORESS, THAT THOUGH SHE HAD

INTREATED HER HUSBAND TO MAKE A LITTLE

TOUR WITHOUT HER, HE HAD INSISTED UPON

HER ACCOMPANYING HIM.

THE men, dear Maria, will all of them say,

That women were form'd their desires to obey;

So strong is this notion entwined in their brain,

That alas! our poor sex no *one right* can retain,

When once they have bound themselves fast with

a chain.

Had Wolstonecroft e'er had the luck to be smitten,
The *Rights of a Woman*—she never had written;
At least had she ever been tempted to wed,
Her hypothesis had not *escap'd* from her head.
But in truth, my dear friend, I began to suppose,
You almost could lead your good man by the nose;
But alas! poor Maria! I find by the letter,
You *feel* the effect of the little god's *fetter*!
Indeed, I'm quite *shock'd* at that part of your tale,
Which says your *intreaties* no longer prevail!
If *tender expressions* have lost their effect,
His love must be *cooling*—I strongly suspect!
In short, my dear friend, there is scarce one in ten
Of those bipeds—most commonly term'd *married-men*,
Whose affection can burn with a radiance that's clear,
But few of the months that compose the *first* year.

Yet as you've been happily blest with a man,
Who always adopted a much better plan ;
I scarce can believe the new tale you relate,
Of not being able to conquer your mate.
And surely, my friend—you can ne'er mean to yield,
Without an attempt to remain in the field?—
I've heard, and I strongly believe it is true,
That *kindness*—has often the power to subdue ;
And if this easy method should fail to succeed,
The captain, I'm sure, must be grumpish indeed ;
In that case, why alter your plan of attack,
And declare you endure all the pangs of the rack ;
Protest that his love you no longer possess,
Or his heart would delight to relieve your distress ;
Profusion of sighs should assail both his ears,
And your eyes should look *soft*, and suffus'd in their tears !

Yet still should you find, that the mark you don't hit,
Why then, you must call in the aid of a fit;
For oh! dear Maria, what husband could bear
To see a lov'd wife thus reduced to despair?
A fit, I am certain, will gain all your ends,
And the captain and you will shake hands, and be
friends.

And now, let me tell you, I long for a letter,
In writing you always are greatly my debtor.
To all the whole party I feel much inclin'd
To offer some wish that is friendly and kind;
May Mirth and Good Humour enliven your hours,
And Pleasure bestrew all your paths with her flow'rs,
And when, dear Maria, your journey shall end,
May you still feel a pleasure at meeting your friend!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO WAS

A GREAT FATALIST.

AS *Fate* has decreed, that for nearly twelve years,

Far distant we both should remain ;

By joining us now, I am sure it appears,

As if *Fate* would not part us again !

Should this pow'r that presides at the helm of the state,

Have such a rich blessing in view ;

That Charlotte would make *me* a convert to *Fate*,

And as firm a disciple as you !

Whate'er our opinions, we feel a desire,
That the world should believe they are just,
And unless in this instance, with *Fate* you conspire,
Away flies my new-acquir'd trust !

I say not a word of the pleasure you'd give,
By such combination with *Fate*,
And unless it takes place, I protest, whilst I live,
'Twill possess my aversion and hate !

You'll ask why those passions should rise in my breast?
Let this sentence convey a reply ;

" The heart that has once by a *pleasure* been blest,
" *Depriv'd* of that *pleasure*—must sigh !

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MR. A——

AND ADDRESSED TO

MISS ——

WHEN first Eliza grac'd the grove,

Enraptur'd by her charms,

I yielded to the pow'r of love,

And blest its soft alarms!

For her I cull'd each beauteous flow'r,

The rose and eglantine;

And as I deck'd her fav'rite bow'r,

Believ'd she would be mine!

The whitest of my flock I fought,
And pleas'd myself the while,
That when in captive bonds 'twas brought,
She'd bless me with a smile !

For her my harp was newly strung,
Her tenderness to move ;
And when the plaintive air I sung,
It breath'd the purest love !

But now, my flocks unheeded stray,
My flow'rs no longer bloom ;
Careless I throw my harp away,
And ev'ry joy entomb !

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND,

UPON HER KIND ATTENTION DURING THE

AUTHORESS'S ILLNESS.

SAID Hygeia to Friendship, one morning so fair,
 As lightly they flew in the ambient air;
 You'll think what I tell you is wonderful strange,
 But our neighbours below sometimes characters change!
 And if you, my dear Friendship, approve of the measure,
 We'll try if the plan is productive of pleasure.—
 I know, said the goddess, we sometimes impart
 To mortals—the pow'r to make use of our art,

And even this day I received a request,
For a few drops of balm to pour into a breast,
Which Affliction had pain'd, and Disease had distress,
I therefore, Hygeia, beg leave just to say,
Instead of exchanging our natures to-day,
I'm sure, 'twould be kind—and I think, 'twould be wiser,
Our art to depute to the hands of Eliza.—
Agreed, said the goddess—And let her be sent,
To practise her skill at a village in Kent.—
She practis'd with skill, and improved on their art,
And cur'd the disease in the head and the heart!

AN
INVITATION
INTO
THE COUNTRY,
ADDRESSED
TO MRS. M——

YOU, doubtless, my friend, must have read by the dozen,
The letters that Simkin address'd to his cousin?
Those letters were written in Pindaric measure,
With the hope to produce a sensation of pleasure;
The same inclination *your* coz does inspire,
Tho' alas! she is sadly deficient in fire!

Not the fire, which enkindles from Friendship's bright

rays,

For of *that* she's enough to produce such a blaze,

As will rapidly burn to the end of her days!

But the fire, which the Muses are said to produce,

And give out in portions for poets to use;

Alas! that bright fire she much fears will remain,

For ever a stranger to her stupid brain!

However, for once she'll apply to the Nine,

And hopes by their aid to induce you to dine.

She'll tell you that Nature the country adorns,

That the hedges are perfectly white with the thorns;

That the blossoms produce quite a fragrant regale,

And the nightingale warbles a sweet tender tale;

She'll tell you, your presence will always impart

A lively sensation of joy to her heart;

And inform you she always can easily find,
 Some corrected idea arise in her mind,
 Whenever you chuse her opinions to guide,
 And tête-à-tête spend a few hours by her side;
 Then pray, my dear 'coz, never act like a miser,
 Or lock up those talents that make your friend *wiser*.

EPIGRAMMATICK LINES

TO

A FRIEND,

WHO HAD PROMISED TO DINE WITH THE AUTHORESS ON
 THE FRIDAY FOLLOWING, IF THE WEATHER
 PROVED FAVORABLE.

DEAR Charlotte, an adage is now in my mind,
 That tells me a woman's as fickle as wind;
 And if *two fickle things* are together united,
 I fear that my hopes will on *Friday* be blighted;
 So for Heaven's sake never on *weather* depend,
 But at any rate come, and enliven your friend.

LINES

ACCOMPANYING

FIVE GUINEAS,

WHICH THE AUTHORESS HAD BORROWED.

GO, gilded baubles—and impart,
 The kind effusions of my heart ;
 And say, that every absent thought
 With gratitude is amply fraught ;
 And though thou canst discharge the debt,
 The *kindness*—will I ne'er forget !

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO HYGEIA.

UPON HEARING OF THE INDISPOSITION OF

Mrs. D—Y.

DEAR Goddess of the roseate glow,

A suppliant I attend,

Intreating, thou wilt now bestow

Health—to my early friend!

Deign to revisit that dear face,

Where smiles were wont to shine;

Where soft benevolence I trace

Express'd in every line!

The friendship glowing in her eye,
Warm springing from the heart,
Had pow'r to check the rising sigh,
And blunt Affliction's dart !

Yes, I have *known* in trouble's hour,
Its rays illume my *breast* ;
Have *felt* its *sweetly soothing pow'r*
Compose my *griefs* to *rest* !

For such a friend this heart must sigh,
And feel a thousand fears ;
When sickness dims her speaking eye,
Or sorrow calls forth tears !

Then, dear Hygeia, oh! impart,
 Of health an ample store;
 And thy reviving, healing art,
 This breast will then adore!

Yes, I have known in youth's hour,
 In days of youth and love,

Have felt its joys and sorrows,
 Complete my life's course,

For such a friend this heart must sigh,
 And feel a thousand fears;

When sickness dims the sparkling eye,
 Or sorrow calls forth tears!

When I am weak and low,
 And all my strength is gone,

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L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T—

WITH A

PAINTED BASKET.

DEAR tut'refs of the mimic art,
 I'd fain evince a grateful heart ;
 And tho' thy pupil has display'd
 No skill in blending light and shade ;
 And tho' a thousand faults must rise,
 To meet thy scrutinizing eyes ;
 Yet will I stand the fearful test,
 Convinc'd you'll know I've done my best.

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
A NEW
MISS C——

KIND Fortune this day has bestow'd such a prize,
 As a monarch would gladly attain ;
 And should she in future my wishes despise,
 Yet still will I never complain !
 This day my Louisa appear'd on this earth,
 And 'tis said, the three Graces combin'd,
 Attended the spot, where she first had her birth,
 To embellish her infantine mind !

Her mind was embellish'd by all that their art,

With profusion on her could bestow ;

But the *Virtues* determin'd to tutor her heart,

And teach it with *pity* to flow !

Soft Pity there found a kind mansion of rest,

And as life's crimson stream shall long glide,

May no gale that is rough bring a care to her breast,

Or swell it with Sorrow's full tide !

May her wishes when form'd, be all crown'd with success,

May her breast be a stranger to fear ;

And that heart, which so poignantly shares in distress,

Ne'er be doom'd to a pang that's severe !

As the fickle of Time shall continue to mow,
And the years in succession to roll,
May they still some new joy on Louisa bestow,
To enliven with pleasure her soul !

And when at some distant and far-remov'd day,
All objects around disappear ;
May an angel descend, to direct her the way
To exchange to a happier sphere !

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

SPONTANEOUS IDEAS

WHICH AROSE IN THE AUTHORESS'S MIND UPON TAKING AN
EARLY WALK IN A SPRING MORNING,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C——.

ADMIRE, as we tread o'er the lawn,

The beauties which gayly appear;

The blossom enamels the thorn,

And the skylark enraptures the ear!

The zephyr that fans the soft breeze,
Disperſes the vapours that riſe ;
The dew-drops that hang on the trees,
Are pearls which deſcend from the ſkies !
Each flow'r with freſh beauty now blows,
And ſheds a perfume through the air ;
The hedges their verdure diſcloſe,
And Nature ne'er ſeem'd half ſo fair !

A few fleeting months are but paſt,
Since the view, now ſo vernal and green,
By winter's dark ſhade was o'ercaſt,
And not e'en a leaf to be ſeen !

In life's changing scene you will find,
When pleasures succeed after pain ;
They give a delight to the mind,
Which it otherwise could not attain !—

And so, my Louisa, whene'er
Thy heart is depriv'd of its rest ;
Ne'er suffer that fiend, call'd Despair,
To pervade any part of your breast !

Remember the spring-tide of joy
In a few fleeting months will appear ;
And pleasure without an alloy,
Remain for the rest of the year.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO ENQUIRED OF WHAT THE AUTHORESS WAS
MOST FEARFUL.

YOU ask, my friend, what most I dread?

I'll tell ye—'Tis a Critic's head;

Or I had better said, his eye,

The flightest fault intent to spy!

An eye that Candour never lighted,

But Envy with the passions blighted;

Darts from its orb a venom'd spark,

And wounds the keenest in the dark!

Yet do I not pretend to say,
It will not wound in face of day;
For 'tis so much attach'd to *spite*,
It uses it, both day and night :
To prove that this assertion's true,
I once was beaten black and blue ;
In short, I was so very sore,
I felt the wounds at ev'ry pore,
And had resolv'd to write no more.

A REPLY

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY THE LADY

TO WHOM THE PRECEDING LINES WERE ADDRESSED.

A FRAID of an eye! can I possibly read?

I'm sure that can never be part of your creed!

Had you told me you dreaded the pow'r of a *tongue*,

I should not have fancied my friend had been wrong;

At least, such a tongue, as I once knew was plac'd

In the head of a woman whose sex was disgrac'd,

By knowing a thing, so despis'd, should appear

In a *feminine form*—to produce dread and fear.—

I wish a return of those metaphor days,
When the head of an Ovid was circled with bays ;
For then I am certain the lady I mean,
In her *present appearance* would never be *seen* !
Perhaps, you will ask, why I form this conceit ?
By way of reply—a tale I'll repeat,
From Ovid—whose works you confess are a treat ;
But as at this moment his book is not near,
I cannot apply, tho' the subject is clear ;
That being the case—without pow'rs to compose,
I'll pay my respects to the Sister of Prose ;
And when I've call'd in all the aid of the Nine,
The tale is not Ovid's—remember—but mine.
And now it commences—" The bird that goes squeaking,
" Had still been a man—had it ne'er practis'd speaking ;
" But when in that form, no one tale could it hear,
" But its tongue blazon'd forth what went in at its ear ;

“ And not only *that*, but its vile *fertile brain*
“ *Invented all tales* that it thought could give *pain* ;
“ To punish this wretch for his malice and spite,
“ He was turn’d to an *owl*, and keeps screaming all night.”
You doubtless must likewise have read, or have heard,
That the raven was once quite a lily-white bird ;
And so had remain’d, had it ne’er learnt to chatter,
Or had it but kept from Apollo a matter,
Which gave him such cause for vexation and care,
That his godship was ready to tear off his hair ;
And said to the raven, Henceforth that vile breast
In fable apparel shall always be drest.
Could these metamorphoses now but take place,
I’m inclined to believe they’d affect half the race ;
And I’m shock’d to agree with an old famous song,
That says there’s a *venom* conceal’d in the tongue !

A POETIC EPISTLE

TO

MISS T——

UPON HER LEAVING E——

MY books, dear Eliza, no longer can please,
 And I wander about with a mind ill at ease,
 My spirits, alas! are all of them fled,
 And a pang at my heart brings a pain in my head;
 Not the pang of a spasm which oft pains the heart,
 But the pang of *regret*, which I feel, when we part;
 And I firmly believe I shall cherish this pain,
 Until I'm made happy by meeting again.

Has your sifter deliver'd a scolding narration
'Bout Friendship that's sapp'd in its very foundation?
And told you, that I was quite turn'd to a fury,
And intended to bring my poor friend to a jury?
The fury, Eliza, is now quite abated,
But yet I must own you deserve to be rated;
As I firmly believ'd I might always depend,
Eliza would follow the wish of her friend;
For those who are anxious their friendship should thrive,
Must bring in *reliance* to keep it alive.
But now let me talk of a letter so kind,
As to banish all symptoms of rage from my mind,
Which the postman *this moment* has brought to the door,
And had I but read it five minutes before,
Not a word had I said that was *tinctured* with *spite*,
For as *usual*, Eliza—I now think you right.

You ask, in what manner my time I dispose,
Whether jingling of verse or perusing of prose;
This evening my hours all devoted have been,
To reading a poem entitled the *Spleen*;
The author declares that we poets oft fit,
And substitute *Spleen* in the place of pure *Wit*;
In short, the said author gives most men a *lash*,
Who think by the aid of *Apollo* to *dash*.
But *Apollo* to me never granted his aid,
Nor have I e'er had e'en the sight of *one maid*
Of all the fam'd Nine, who reside on the hill,
And with Fancy's effusions a poet's brain fill;
Nor have I been blest with a view of the mountain,
Or tasted one drop from the famed Grecian fountain;
But Churchill declares, that the *Thames* can produce
A water, as *famous* for any one's use,

As ever was drawn from the Helicon spring,
Which teaches a poet in numbers to sing:
But protests that *he finds* a glass of good wine,
Has the happy effect of inviting the Nine;
That being the case—as the wine is so pure,
I think of *one Muse* I may always make sure;
And you may expect, if the lady is kind,
And does not *o'erturn* this intent of my mind,
My letters in future will all entertain,
By some lively fally that springs from the brain.
For if I've the fortune my friend to amuse,
It never will be, by retailing out news;
As that's an employment I hate and despise,
And I'm sure such a *subject* would close both your eyes.
But I know it will give you some joy to be told,
That my dear little Pet has recover'd her cold;

That the rest of the family all are enjoying
The blessing of health—and no cares are destroying
The pleasure, which springs from its seat in the breast,
And lights up the eye when the griefs are at rest.
A thousand kind wishes I beg you'll present
To all your whole party, and tell them they're sent
From a heart which more real affection can feel,
Than expressions of kindness have pow'r to reveal.
The tender sensation it hopes you'll return,
That the fire of pure friendship may blazon and burn,
Till death shall extinguish the soft gentle light,
And close all our joys in the dark shade of night!
But now, dear Eliza, with real affection,
I must say, Adieu—and then write the direction.

LINES

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. D——

ON THE RECOVERY OF HER FAVORITE CAT,

WHOSE NAME WAS DUTCHESS.

WHEN Britain's monarch was restor'd

To health's much valued treasure ;

Those subjects who their king ador'd,

Then testified their pleasure !

And when a peeress, wife, and fair,

Regains the valued prize ;

Say, will no poet laureat rare,

Extol her to the skies ?

No poet laureat being nigh,

I, with all due submission,

His place for *once* will e'en supply,

If I obtain permission.

Then hail, ye clear * pellucid rills,

Whose gentle healing springs,

Have more effect than all the pills,

A doctor's pocket brings!

And oil, and wax, for ever hail!

For by your kind assistance,

Her Grace can o'er disease prevail,

And keep old Death at distance!

* The poor animal for six days took no sustenance but water.

Not only for her Grace's sake

My heart abounds with pleasure,

For had she died—a heart would *ache*,

Which I with *joy* would *treasure*!

Then may she live in health and ease,

Till she attains a score;

And if her life my friend can please,

I'd have her live ten more!

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO MISS SELINA T——

UPON HER REQUESTING THE AUTHORESS TO WRITE
SOME VERSES UPON HOPE.

SELINA, allow me this once to declare,
That I hate to begin on a subject that's bare;
For should I be able to write a bright line,
You'd never believe the idea was mine;
But say I had *stole*, like a thief at the mint,
From some other poet, and taken their hint,
But indeed you must know, that *I* love to explore
A path that has never been trodden before;

And so I'll ne'er help to adorn *Hope* with *bays*,
Or jingle one line in support of her praise !
So many bad pranks has her ladyship play'd,
That I always shall think her a very sad jade.
To prove the assertion is founded on truth,
She cheats us in *age*, just as much as in youth,
As the mind in our youth is deluded by show,
She whispers that *pomp* a soft bliss can bestow,
Attracting the heart by the help of a toy,
Which Reason soon proves but the sunshine of joy ;
And soon is o'ershaded by clouds that suspend,
And extinguish the joy which on *pomp* did depend.
The season of love she pretends to adorn
With roses that blossom without any thorn ;
And those who believe her, declare it with grief,
That the thorn she had artfully hid by a leaf.

She also declares that the God Hymen's light,
Without a *supply* will for ever burn bright ;
Tho' it's perfectly known that the torch will decay ;
Unless there's much *pains* to *preserve* its pure ray :
She tells us Misfortune can never assail,
The breast where true Friendship is known to prevail ;
Tho' Friendship too often, when put to the test,
Is known to escape from its mansion, the breast.
But for once I'm inclin'd to believe she tells true,
When she says I may always find Friendship in you.

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY

OF

MISS H—— W——

SOFT as the breath of May's fair morn,

That o'er the valley blows ;

Fair as the blossom of the thorn,

And blushing as the rose ;

The lovely Harriet now attains

Her third revolving year ;

And each succeeding month that gains,

Some new-blown charms appear !

Charms which bespeak her little breast

With rich perfection fraught ;

Where Sense and Virtue jointly rest,

To form the rising thought !

Where soft Content with azure eye,

And dove-like Peace resides ;

Where no foreboding anxious sigh

On Sorrow's pinions rides.

May the lov'd mansion long remain

Devoid of grief and strife ;

And as her years advantage gain,

Add some new charm to life !

BURLESQUE LINES

ADDRESSED

TO HYMEN:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY AN UNMARRIED LADY,

Who asserted, that most of the unhappiness in marriage arose
 from the sexes being too nearly of an age; and that whenever
 she altered her state, it should be with a man many years
 older than herself, whose judgment and opinion she should not
presume to dispute.

DEAR Hymen, when you form the bands,

That are to join my heart and hands,

Discard the filken chain;

And let it be of iron strong,

And let the links be stout and long,

I never wish'd to reign!

And may the man, whoe'er he be,

Whose fate it is to govern me,

Adopt a perfect sway;

And may it be my great delight,

To say white's black—or black is white,

So he but have his way!

May sixty furs have shed their light,

And chang'd his auburn locks to white,

I like a hoary sage;

And should he chuse to bang my bones,

Or pelt me with the hardest stones,

I still will rev'rence age!

A woman's chief delight should be,
No follies in her mate to see,
But think him *all perfection* !
And if his vices chance to glare,
To shut her eyes, and never stare,
For fear of a detection.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. H——

UPON RECEIVING

A RECENT PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

PHILOSOPHERS will often preach,

But seldom practise what they teach.—

Dear Charlotte, let it not surprize,

If *I* for once philosophize ;

You know the ladies of this age

Are all consider'd *mighty sage* ;

At least, if being *writers* show it,

(I think I hear you say) I know it.

For my part, I so love the Nine,

I live but in a jingling line ;

And as you're not inclin'd to spy

My faults with microscopic eye ;

In verse the theme I'll now pursue,

And bring philosophy to view.—

“ Henceforth then be it understood,

“ That out of evil springeth good,

“ And if oppressions pain the mind,

“ Believe that Fortune means it kind,

“ And for her frowns makes full amends,

“ By proving who are *real friends*.”

When future cares shall on me press,

And evils seem without redress,

My heart shall fondly turn to you,

As to a friend that's *firm* and *true*,

For had my mind ne'er been distressed,

I had not known how much I'm blest.

LINES

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. W——D,

ACCOMPANIED BY A SHELL.

IF a *trifle* evinces *respect*,

If *affection* is traced in a *tear*,

If a *sigh* often springs from *neglect*,

And if *flight* is a symptom of *fear*;

I would venture to hope that this *shell*,

An emblem of friendship may seem;

Tho' mute—I would wish it to tell,

That my bosom is fraught with esteem!

I'd wish it to say that my heart

A kindness will always retain ;

And if I could teach it the art,

Your breast it should shield from all pain !

But alas ! no such charm can attend,

The gift which I beg to present,

I only can say to my friend,

As a mark of *esteem* it is meant !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG LADY,

AT W——R,

UNDER THE BORROWED NAME OF ELVIRA.

WHAT herb, or what plant, or what flow'r,

Has its charm to Elvira disclos'd?

Oh! tell me the spot, or the bow'r,

Where the vegetive prize was inclos'd?

I've heard that in Egypt was found,

A plant which Nepenthe was named;

I've been told, that the senses it bound,

And all the sensations it chain'd!

And in truth I'm inclin'd to suppose,
When Elvira was tortur'd with pain,
Her physician, to bring her repose,
Administer'd *too large* a grain !

I think it has had an effect,
Which Elvira could never intend,
And to *that* I ascribe the neglect
With which she has treated her friend !

Or perhaps she's emerged from the wave,
Which sooths all affliction and woes,
Where forgetfulness deep as the grave,
Envelopes our friends and our foes !

Some cause like the two I've assign'd,

Must occasion Elvira to change,

For to *her*—I acquit my own mind,

Of giving *her* reason to range!

My friendship for her was so pure,

That her griefs I resolv'd to partake;

And the sorrow that time could not cure

With *pleasure* had borne for *her* sake!

And this she must surely have known,

Yet alas! I now find it the same;

As if I *no* friendship had shown,

And Elvira had ne'er heard my name!

Then again I intreat she will say,
Where the plant of forgetfulness grows,
That I may now follow her way,
And forget that I ever felt woes!

A POETIC EPISTLE,

TO

A FRIEND,

Who had been accused of not writing so often as formerly—
 and who assigned as a reason for it, that she was no longer
 solicitous about the bad state of the authorefs's health, as she
 believed it was then perfectly *sound*.

SOUND Health!—my dear Charlotte—alas! Mary Pil
 Has all this week been most exceedingly ill!—
So ill! but thank God, the receipt of a letter
 Has made your poor friend feel herself somewhat better;
 But tho' my disorder is hard to endure,
 I do not despair of receiving a cure;

Yet pray, my dear Charlotte, don't feel in a fright,
Tho' I'm nervous by day, and have startings at night;
For the Doctor assures me my case is not bad,
And advises my riding through fields on a pad;
My complaints I should never have thought of inditing,
But to make you *continue* your *practice* of *writing*;
For I know when you think I'm deficient in health,
You daily would write—tho' you did it by stealth—
And I, in return, should be glad to amuse,
Tho' I vow and protest, that I've no piece of news,
That I think has a chance for one hour to impart,
A lively sensation of joy to your heart.
That being the case—I'll describe my late reading,
Or tell you some tale, to evince my good breeding;
The latter I trust is already made plain,
And therefore the *former* I now shall explain:

You know, my dear Charlotte, it's oft been my way
To agree with that Author of Fables—call'd Gay—
Who declares that *true friendship* is always *confin'd*,
And never extends beyond one perfect mind.
But as reading produces expansion of thought,
Such paltry sensations I now set at naught,
For a Treatise on Friendship I just have perused,
Where the *old fashion'd system* is strongly abused;
And I now shall be perfectly happy to hear,
Your friends correspond to the days of the year;
Nay more, I am ready a promise to give,
To love them with fondness as long as I live;
But as to the number of sixty and five,
I doubt I can't keep quite so much love alive.—
You know, my dear Charlotte, I can't go to town,
And so you must manage to bring them all down;

For I'm sure at this moment my heart could *adore*
Three hundred of beings I ne'er saw before ;
My Love is so great it deprives me of rest,
And my heart seems too big for its seat in my breast ;
And spite of endeavours I can't keep it still,
For it thumps at my side like the clack of a mill.—
So for Pity's sake come, that your friends may divide
This love that I find makes such work in my side.—
I think at this moment I hear you exclaim,
“ The letter is certainly sign'd by her name,
“ Or else I could never believe her the same.
“ For oft when in converse I've heard her relate,
“ That my *number of friends* really call'd forth her hate;
“ Yet now by the hundreds she makes a selection,
“ And promises *all* a good share of *affection*.—”

Yes, Charlotte, I own it must strike you as strange,
That M. P. should discover so wond'rous a change ;
But the Treatise on *Friendship* so plainly declares,
That affection should always be dealt out in shares
Amongst your friends—friends, that I have not the art
To confine in my breast any share of my heart ;
Yet I cannot help thinking the love that's so wide
Has a chance of ingulphing itself in the tide ;
Or if metaphors please—its division of rays
May extinguish itself—and away flies its blaze.—
If this should be likely my love to attend,
I'll confine my affection quite snug to my friend.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. E——D,

UPON RECEIVING A LETTER, EXPRESSIVE OF FRIENDSHIP,
AFTER A SUSPENSION OF INTERCOURSE

FOR MANY YEARS.

WHEN the mariner ploughing the seas,

Is cast on a desolate shore ;

Each murmur he hears in the breeze,

Seems to say, that his joys are no more !

Seems to say, that his dear native plain

His eyes shall no longer behold,

That his breast must for ever remain

To Friendship's impressions quite cold !

But should he in ten circling years,

Be wafted to Albion's plain ;

Should his joys, and his hopes, and his fears

Inhabit his bosom again ;

What pleasure his heart would elate,

When meeting the friend of his youth ;

He found that the dark frown of fate

Had not lessen'd his friendship and truth !

And when on the paper I trace,

That friendship for fifteen long years

In *thy breast* has retain'd a firm place,

The sentence illumines and cheers,

A heart that's been wreck'd of its joys

And tofs'd on a desolate sand,

Yet Hope, with her anchor, still buoys,

And points to the long wish'd-for land!

Tho' the billows have made me their sport,

Tho' the winds have blown keen round my head,

Yet still, if I now reach the port,

I'll forget the dark clouds that were spread!

A zephyr from friendship's soft breeze

Now blows such a kind gentle gale,

No longer I'll dread the rough seas,

But expect on smooth water to sail.

ON

PREJUDICE.

ADDRESSED

To MRS. W—E.

DEAR Charlotte, I own I have always been told,
That *prejudice* only pertains
To the weak, and the vain, the young, and the old,
Who are not overfurnish'd with brains !
And as you are endow'd with an ample supply
Of the *best* that's produced of their kind,
I confess I'm astonish'd whene'er I descry,
That *prejudice* dwells in your mind.

Perfection's a charm few bosoms inclose,
And seldom is known to appear,
Like the flow'r which but once in a century blows,
It seems dropp'd from a more refin'd sphere.

Unbias'd by *trifles*, let fancy take flight,
In search of some *hidden perfection*;
Tho' few can emit an *effulgence of light*,
Some virtue might *beam on inspection*,

Which the strong veil of prejudice casts in a shade,
Like the vapour congeal'd in a cloud,
O'erspreading the rays that illumin'd the glade
And enwrapping their light in its shroud!

'Tis known that we view our own faults with an eye,
That casts imperfection in shade ;
Yet still when I think of the faults that you'll spy,
I feel both alarm'd and afraid.

And well may I shrink, when I see that your mind
Imperfection is known to descry,
And prejudice strong your opinions so bind,
That conviction you boldly defy !

But as I'm ambitious your friendship to share,
Dear Charlotte I beg and intreat,
No longer you'll practise at failings to stare,
But let them all find a retreat !

And if *one* perfection you happen to spy,
From *that* never try to depart,
But view it each day with a microscope eye,
Till you find it *attract* your whole heart.

BURLESQUE LINES

ACCOMPANYING

A SPRIG OF LAUREL,

SENT TO A FRIEND, WITH WHOM THE AUTHORESS HAD

A SLIGHT ALTERCATION.

DEAR Clara, the branch which attends,

I have heard is endow'd with the art,

Of making a peace between friends,

And dispersing all wrath from their heart.

I've explored both the garden and vale

In search of a poor wand'ring dove,

From the hope that its dear tender tale

Might inspire you with pity and love!

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For in truth I'm so shock'd at my fault,
And feel such a terror and dread;
That my spirits I cannot exalt,
And scarcely can hold up my head.

I know I'm by nature inclin'd
To be pettishly warm, and untoward,
But when I have anger'd your mind,
Then, Clara, I'm truly a coward.

For if I should really inspire
That breast with sensations of hate;
From the world in a pet I'd retire,
And ascribe all my *failings* to *fate*.

THE SIGH.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C—

IF wishes, Louisa, could float in the air,

Like the breath which a pure zephyr blows;

I'd fend you a balm as a cure for despair,

As soft as the dew on the rose!

Tho' wishes, like fancy, incessant take flight,

The feather that wafts them in air,

Has not pow'r to assist them in gaining that height,

That's essential to bring them to bear!

With a heart that would gladly divide all your woes,
And your breast with rich pleasure supply,
I feel I'm unable to send you repose,
And therefore I'll waft you a sigh!

But the sigh, my Louisa, must never ascend
To the seat of that dear gentle breast,
But when it arrives at the feet of my friend,
Envelope itself in her vest!

And there in a low gentle murmur expire,
As soft as the breath of the gale
Which fans the three Graces whene'er they retire
To the bow'rs which embellish the vale!

THE MOURNFUL WAILINGS

OF AN UNFORTUNATE ASS,

WHICH WAS CONFINED IN A POUND FOR A DEBT, WHICH

ITS MASTERS (TWO CHIMNEY SWEEPERS) WERE
UNABLE TO PAY.

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. D—.

“ CONFIN’D within a prison’s bound,

“ And doom’d to feed on air,

“ I wander o’er this spot of ground,

“ The mournful child of care !

" Ah Liberty!—thou valued prize,

" Could I but thee regain,

" Could but these wretched hopeless eyes

" Once more behold the plain ;

" I'd patient bend beneath the stroke

" My wanton masters deal,

" Nor mourn the strong coercive yoke,

" That daily makes me feel !

" Each morn, when doom'd to tread the road,

" Opprest by grief and care,

" The pressure of the sable load

" Should ne'er produce despair !

" But friendless, hopeless, doom'd to mourn

" The loss of ev'ry joy !

" I sigh to reach the promis'd bourn

" That will all care destroy !

" Where this unhappy form shall rest,

" And break the weary chain,

" And where this wretched tortur'd breast

" Shall no more taste of pain !"

Scarce had the mourner told its tale,

And wept a flood of tears,

When from the neighb'ring verdant vale

Amanda's form appears.

Within Amanda's feeling breast

A soft persuasive power

Resides—to plead for all distress,

By Fortune's fable lower.

No sooner had the gentle guest

The hapless pris'ner spied,

Than issuing from Amanda's breast,

“ Give liberty ” she cried.—

Compassion scarce the words had spoke,

Before the ready fee

Was paid—which the confinement broke,

And set the pris'ner free.

A REPLY

TO A

FRIEND,

WHO HAD REQUESTED SOME LINES UPON FRIENDSHIP.

WHY invite me, Lucinda, to write
On a theme which thy mind comprehends
Just as clear—as that rays of pure light
From the sun's brilliant orbit descends?

Then wherefore require me to paint
All the charms—which from friendship arise?
For the skill of the painter is faint,
When he thinks he can copy the skies!

If I say, that the poets declare

Her form in an * island arose,

Where a perfume exhales through the air,

And a zephyr incessantly blows,

Which each morning expands its soft wing,

And fresh flow'rs in a moment appear,

More fragrant than blossoms in spring

Which adorn that lov'd scene of the year!

If I tell you, wherever she treads

The blossoms of Paphos are seen,

And a verdure her footsteps o'er spreads

That delights by the shade of its green :

* Cyprus.

Yet whatever my pen should reveal

On the theme—must insipid appear—

For thy breast in one moment can feel

More than language has pow'r to make clear:

For the goddess has left her retreat,

And retired from her dear native plain,

In thy bosom she now takes her seat,

Where I hear she intends to remain.

—INVOCATION—

TO

HYGEIA,

BY

R— H—, Esq.

THEE, rosy goddess, how I joy to meet !

A stranger, long thou'lt wander'd far away ;

Come with thy balmy breath, and smiles so sweet,

And let thy beams reflect a brighter ray.

Too long, my fair, thy absence have I mourn'd,

Where the sun blazing gilds the burning line ;—

Courting thy presence have I drooping turn'd,

Despairing almost e'er to call thee mine.

Oh thou neglectedst all I held most dear!

How have I sigh'd and pray'd, implor'd and wept!
Indignant hast thou turn'd, while thousands there
Embosom'd in their kindred deep have slept.

Can I forget my Anna's last sad smile,

The agonizing tear adown her cheek
Unbidden bursting, as with pious guile
She told, sweet maid, her hopes in accents meek.

Lov'd faint! to dissipate my boding fears

She feign'd those hopes—far, far, alas, remov'd!—
For me those smiles were forc'd, and shed those tears—
Dear, uncontested proofs how much she lov'd.

Sweet is thy cheering influence, blooming fair,

Grateful as odours from the spicy grove,

The wild heath's scent, perfuming all the air,

The breath of morn—or of the maid I love.

For what can all the wealth of India yield,

If thou art found not, goddess, in the train?

Vain is the splendor of the tented field,

“Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war”

—all vain!



